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The Lesson

Quite unintentionally, and at great cost to its prestige and reputation, *The New York Times* performed a notable war service by embracing the enemy's proposal for a secret peace parley. The indignation thereby enkindled is like a barrier of fire against further suggestions of compromise. No one will soon dare to repeat that offence.

The American people are slow to anger and terrible in the execution of a righteous resolution. This is their war. They have been prepared in spirit before time for every measure of self-sacrifice involved. It required an incident like this to humble the vanity of those who have thought themselves the leaders of public sentiment. The people are leading themselves, or, rather, one should say, they are led by an intuition of faith which is stronger than reason and will transform the world, without knowing too clearly how or why. We are launched upon an errand of which only the direction is certain. The end belongs to our destiny.

This feeling has crystallized with amazing rapidity in the last few months. *The Times* evidently was unaware of the phenomenon. It thought peace could be debated still in practical terms—in the language of a time that is past. It has learned a costly lesson. That is unimportant. Every pacifist has learned something. Even that is relatively of less moment than the fact that *The Times's* misrepresentation of American sentiment has been corrected in a manner which puts the whole world upon notice that when we say we will make this place of human habitat safe for democracy we mean it literally, and will do it or die.

Old Home Sunday

If you subtract the automobile from Sunday what have you left? Golf collapses, the beach recedes, friends vanish; only home remains—home, that convenient springboard from which good Americans have leaped joyfully into the sea of life.

There were many cries of anguish when gasless Sundays first cast their shadows before them. To faithful supporters of things as they are the whole scheme of life crashed into chaos when for a whole day it was to become impossible to leap from home to automobile and whirl thence at 28 cents a gallon.

Yet, strange as it seems to tell, all has not been lost. Stranger even yet, much has been gained. The hectic, throbbing, pungent, crowded Sunday of the automobile has gone. In its place has arrived the most soothing, odorless, quietly entertaining novelty any of us has ever known—a really quiet day at home. Novelty it is to-day. Not so very long ago, in those peaceful years before gasolene spread out its magic carpet to whisk humans over hills and across cities almost before a gulped breakfast could find its level, the old home Sunday was the regulation thing. Without it and all its concomitants of boiled shirts, parade to church and, in the more daring households, the Rollo books, no proper American home was complete.

Perhaps we might be bored by these peaceful Sundays if we had enough of them. We were once bored by them, and the brightest blessing loses its plate with wear. But as they have returned thus far no boon of the war has granted such blessed relief. Just to awake of a Sunday morning with nothing on earth to do, nothing that one could do, has yielded the most invigorating thrill. No starting tee to reach at 9:42 or be forever damned by your partner; no swim to hustle off to before dinner, with the Sunday papers half read; no Joneses to tea with on the way to supper at the Smiths' while the children wailed bitterly for a ride! Just to uncoil one's legs leisurely, tentatively, over a long, slow second cup of coffee and look about one's home!

There is the great discovery of the war. Home, the springboard we had all known and thought we appreciated and loved. But who could really know or love so temporary a perch? Children, wives, books, pictures, porches, windows, gardens, trees—what unexpected riches have we not discovered in our familiar homes on these forget-your-car-and-win-the-war Sundays!

Shall the State Be Tammanyized?

Judge Nathan L. Miller, who made the formal address to the candidates on the Republican State ticket at the Republican Club on Tuesday night, officially informing them that they were the nominees of their party, used plain words in defining the main issue before the voters of this state in the present campaign.

Probably no one is better fitted by training or experience to reflect the average Republican view than Mr. Miller. He has seen the operations of the Democratic machine at short range and long range. As State Controller in the early '90s he became familiar with the relation of government to the dollar; as judge he had time to analyze. No one mentally well balanced will treat his judgment as the fulmination of a flippant or trouble-making mind.

"The issue in this campaign cannot be disguised," said the judge. "The people must choose between the record of the patriotic service, of the orderly and decent administration of the public business for the last four years, and the record which Tammany Hall has made every time within the memory of this generation that it has been in complete control either in this city or the state. Only once before during that time has it dared nominate a Tammany candidate for Governor, but Sulzer was only a by-product, and he claimed to be the candidate of the people. Tammany has now grown bold, and has put at the head of its state ticket a simon-pure, dyed-in-the-wool, thoroughbred Tammany candidate whom it did not dare nominate for the office of Mayor last year. The time was when there was a strong, virile leadership of the Democratic party in this state, independent of Tammany Hall. But that time has passed. The Democratic party of the state has been completely Tammanyized, and it remains to be seen whether the state itself shall be Tammanyized."

Despite the partial submersion of every one in the great wave of war patriotism and the pervasiveness of the idea that it is no time now to be narrow toward or distrustful of a brother American, every lover of truth and justice will come pretty near reaching a full agreement with Judge Miller.

The issue is, Shall the State of New York be Tammanyized?

Cardinal Farley

John Murphy Farley was born April 20, 1842, at Newtown-Hamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, the son of an innkeeper. He died at Orienta Point, New York, September 17, Archbishop of New York, and Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church. In a span of seventy-six years he had, step by step, climbed the ladder from humble country curate to Cardinal's secretary, from pastor of a small flock to shepherd of a million and a quarter souls.

Vigor and ability, a love of duty and an unbounded capacity for hard work steadily increased his influence and popularity and gained him recognition from the dignitaries of the Church.

Many were his good works. Forceful and tactful in pulpit utterances, he was also an author and contributor to periodical literature, and managed the many business affairs intrusted to him with great ability. The work of the Catholic Encyclopædia was launched by him.

He was whole-heartedly for America. "No permanent peace," he said, "can be hoped for, except through the defeat of Germany in the field or the repudiation of the Prussian autocracy by the German people themselves." He lent his great power within the Church to the aid of the government. He was a leader in the organization of the Catholic War Fund. He supported the Liberty loans with all the influence at his command.

He lived a simple life, loved his fellow man, fought a good fight.

How Influenza Is Carried

Relatively few people understand how an infection can be carried from one person to another, and so they go cheerfully into any danger—or act as carriers to others; it may be to their children or those closest to them. Practically all disease is now considered to be the result of some infection, which, in modern parlance, means the growth in the body of some disease-producing germ or parasite. A few exceptions are hay fever and chronic ptomaine or protein poisonings. These disease germs are so small that most of them are near the lower limit of visibility by the highest powered microscopes—and some are far beyond this. This microscopic fineness means that they are not, contrary to most belief, very easily caught by the air. They must have a vehicle of some sort, like dust or microscopic droplets of water. In the modern view, many of the respiratory, or "inhaled," diseases, like the influenza, are carried by these droplets.

The idea is this: A very small drop of water, as every one knows, has a strong skin-tension, or tendency to hang together—the so-called "capillary" attraction. The smaller the drop the greater the tension, so that a very small drop will hold minute particles, like germs, very tenaciously, and keep them moist and relatively warm. The germs, we know, grow chiefly on the warm, moist membranes of the nose and throat. They would stay there if they were not sucked up from their nests by the droplets of moisture which line these passages. But even these are only mildly exhaled by ordinary breathing, and are expelled in vast numbers only by a violent gust like a cough or a sneeze. This is why coughing and sneezing are so disastrous to the human race. A large part of the devastating plagues and epidemics which have swept off millions in their course have been coughing and sneezing diseases. The exceptions are those contagions like yellow fever, typhus and the Manchurian plague, which are now known to be transmitted by direct inoculation by mosquitoes, lice, fleas, ticks, biting flies or some other biting insect.

All the influenzas, Spanish or other, are now thought to be chiefly droplet-borne diseases—that is, propagated chiefly by coughing and sneezing. They are what are known as carrier infections, and the disagreeable discovery here is that a great part of the carriers—some physicians believe the far greater part—are not the open, declared cases, but the mild, or "fruste," cases, showing nothing but an ordinary "cold" or a light cough. The reasoning is that in epidemics the infection is widespread or even general. Only a few individuals succumb, i. e., show the malady clearly. But there is always a great increase of "colds," coughs and "bronchitises," many hardly noticed—for just this reason the most dangerous "carriers."

The moral is to avoid the cougher and the sneezer as a pest. If a really deadly epidemic like the black plague were to descend upon us they would soon be outlawed and banned. Because the influenza is not a terrible scourge it is tolerated.

Canada in the Railroad Business

There is very great interest in the announcement that the Canadian government has completed the purchase of the Canadian Northern Railway and the statement of Premier Borden that this system will be merged with the railways already owned by Canada—that is, the so-called government railways of Eastern Canada and the National Transcontinental, from Moncton to Winnipeg. The Premier says that this purchase will make the Canadian people the second largest railway proprietors in the world, and he hints the day may come when it will stand first.

All told, the new state-owned railways will comprise a system of about 14,000 miles. The largest part of it is that just purchased, the Canadian Northern system, with 9,700 miles in actual operation and more under construction. With this addition the government will have a complete transcontinental line, and it is announced that this will be connected as soon as practicable with steamship lines on both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The really interesting part of this experiment is that it is to be in direct competition, over practically its entire length, with one of the best built and most efficiently run railway systems in the world, and a once heavily subsidized railway at that, the Canadian Pacific. And there will be in addition, of course, the further competition of the new Grand Trunk Transcontinental. The new Canadian venture, therefore, will provide one of the severest tests of governmental railway management that have ever been undertaken. Nor will it be handicapped in any way on the government side. Taken by and large, Canada has in the last thirty years had perhaps as intelligent, capable and progressive a government as any country on the globe. It has been friendly and helpful toward its railways, seeing in them the key to the development of its vast territories in the west and far north. It has devised and perfected perhaps the best banking system in the world, an adaptation to her broad areas of the Scotch system. Canada has not antagonized capital or fretted about the natural drift to large business organizations. Its land policy has attracted large numbers of settlers from the United States and the Old World.

As a result of this unusual display of real statesmanship, Canada has had as even and well balanced a development as perhaps was possible to any new country. It has had spells of severe depression, but these have not been followed, as in the United States, with aggressive populistic movements, so disturbing to the financial and business community. It now undertakes a broad experiment in railway management, not as the result of bitter antagonism to the railways as there has been in the United States, not in a spirit of confiscation, but as a practical means of furthering Canada's natural development. It will have no monopoly, and yet, as the Premier shows, it will, on the basis of capitalization and costs, have a perfectly even start. In a word, it seems to offer the cleanest and most instructive showdown between state and private railway management that has ever been framed.

If the government operation is not a success in Canada under these conditions, it is safe to say that it cannot be made a success anywhere else for a long time to come.

Two Ways

IT'S a long, long journey to the weary end of war,
While the shells burst above into star on colored star
And the guns lift and flash like the Northern Lights afar.

It's a long, long journey where the sniper's bullet speeds,
And the hid machine gun sows all the air with deadly seeds,
While each grappling hour brings forth Iliads of noble deeds.

It's a long, long journey as the Huns are hammered back
By the big guns and the small, bayonet and gas attack,
Where the fields are blasted bare and the towns are charred and black. . . .

It's a short, short journey to the peace that must not be,
To the ready lips that wait for the cheek of liberty
To the Judas peace that waits with its thirty pence for fee!

HARRY KEMP.

Still More Attacks

By Frank H. Simonds

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WITHIN the next few days we shall, unless all signs fail, see another considerable attack delivered by Foch. Up to the present hour he has succeeded in creating three separate spheres of gravest anxiety for the Germans. Horne's First British Army menacing Douai and Cambrai is an ever present evil for Ludendorff; Mangin thrusting at the St. Gobain plateau, which is the keystone of the German arch in France, is equally menacing—he threatens the flank of the Chemin des Dames position and quite as actively menaces the St. Gobain position. Finally, Pershing before Metz is now within striking distance of the Briey iron region.

Ludendorff now confronts this situation: A break in Flanders which cost him Cambrai and Douai, with their vital railway networks, would compel a retirement out of France and to the Belgian frontier. A successful thrust around the St. Gobain plateau, between it and the Chemin des Dames line, would have exactly the same effect, while an advance by Pershing which deprived the Germans of the use of the iron mines in the Briey district would cripple all essential German war industry.

Now, this is exactly where the advantage of possessing the initiative counts and counts tremendously. Ludendorff has to look out for three exposed sectors; Foch has only to strike where he chooses, to strike one of these sectors or to select still another front and add to Ludendorff's anxieties and perils. Having so much of his own to take care of, Ludendorff is in no posture to undertake an attack upon Foch's lines; his own initiative is paralyzed by his anxieties, and Foch is cleverly playing upon them all the time. While there is no great show of activity above the Aisne or in Flanders, every official report discloses activity which may at any moment rise to serious fighting.

We may, then, conclude that Foch will not let up completely on any one of the sore spots he has created. But he is at least as likely to strike in some fresh field as to make any new effort exactly where Ludendorff is laboriously concentrating reserves and guns against such a thrust. And there are at least two sectors in which both recent events and the general situation seem to indicate that we may watch with new interest and expectation. These are La Bassée sector, in front of Plumer's Second British Army, and the Mülhausen sector, in front of an American force, east of Belfort.

Plumer's army has not yet been actively engaged in the fighting since Foch took the offensive, and his is the only British army of which this is true. But in recent days Plumer has been feeling his way forward a little in La Bassée sector, making exactly the moves which ordinarily precede a thrust—moves such as we saw along the Albert and Arras fronts before Byng and Horne went into action. A successful advance by Plumer, not greater than that of Pershing at St. Mihiel or Rawlinson in the Somme region on August 8, would give the Allies Lille, compel the Germans to evacuate all the coal districts about Lens and the industrial regions of Flanders and get behind the Scheldt; it would infallibly involve the loss of Douai and Cambrai and a retreat to the frontier.

As to a move into Alsace by our troops there is this to be said: Ever since 1914 the French have occupied east of Belfort and Thann a considerable strip of German territory and an admirable jumping off place for a push through Mülhausen to the upper Rhine. Hartmannsweilerkopf and the surrounding high ground are in French hands; where the French have not turned them over to us the French guns command Mülhausen, and an advance of fewer miles than was made at St. Mihiel would win for us the second city of Alsace-Lorraine and make a substantial advance toward the liberation of the two "lost provinces" of France. The moral effect of such a success both in France and in Germany would, too, be great, greater perhaps than any military advantage.

Foch has in Plumer's army and in the American forces east of Belfort, facing the Rhine, two fresh armies. If Ludendorff has to reinforce the two armies in front of the British and Americans out at his extreme flanks, he must weaken his centre to do it; he must invite attack at the existing weak points, weak because they have been threatened, vital because they cover positions or industrial resources, the loss of which would be disastrous to the Germans. The French commander in chief is the exponent of a strategy of action; he has the initiative; he has the man power; for the moment the situation in Artois, in the Soissonais and in Lorraine is one which seems to demand further preparation before larger operations are resumed, but in Alsace and Flanders the moment seems ripe.

We have something more than a month of the campaign left; the question of a German retreat to the Belgian frontier is still undecided. To compel such a retreat will be the most effective answer to the present German attempt, using Austria as a catspaw, to shift the operations from the battlefield to the green table and there regain the initiative.

Their Heavyweight Idol

(From The Pittsburgh Dispatch)

"I am calm," is the message von Hindenburg sends to the German people to quiet their apprehensions. There is nothing quite so calm as a heavyweight Prussian military idol all out of breath running to save his life.

The Kaiser: 'I cannot drink any more, I am sick unto death."

"A Broken Weapon"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have wanted for some time to thank you for your splendid stand against the reptile press, with its insidious pro-Germanism and anti-British propaganda. Now your editorial, "A Broken Weapon," in this morning's Tribune, calls for renewed thanks and grateful cheers.

If a metropolitan paper can side with the Hearst press on a business basis, one ought not to be surprised if it gets smirched by its political and editorial dirt and comes out, as did "The New York Times" yesterday, with an editorial on the Austrian peace offensive which is an offence to every American. JAMES V. CHALMERS.

New York, Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have followed the editorials in The Tribune since the outbreak of the war. If you have ever expressed a sentiment with which I did not agree, I cannot at this moment recall it. You have capped the climax in your editorial of Tuesday. To quote with reverence, "Dixisti."

"Our business with the enemy is simple. It is to get him dead or alive, though we go to Berlin to do it. When we have taken him he shall be brought handcuffed before the bar of humanity and sentenced as he deserves—to the form of death he will least disgrace and to an obloquy eternal." You dipped your pen in a man's blood when you wrote that, and you have expressed the views of all true Americans. Those who do not agree with that sentiment are to be classed with the Beast.

J. H. CLAIBORNE.

New York, Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In respect for you and the immovably loyal spirit of The Tribune, and in sincere admiration of your brilliant and fearless stand against the Hearst poison, I am sending you my letter to the paper that has sickened us. Publish it if it will serve in the least the big and honest fight you are making. JOHN MARTIN.

New York, Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of "The Times."

Sir: I have waited twenty-four hours to allow the significance of your yesterday's incredible editorial on the Austrian peace proposal to find a place of understanding, but these hours have but added to my utter mental and moral confusion.

I and my family have for years read "The Times" with faith and respect, both of which your astounding utterances have completely and amazingly shattered. I am left bewildered and justly resentful, as is the case always when that which we have believed in faithfully proves rotten and what we respect turns disreputable, and I am convinced that thousands of loyal Americans are quite as outraged as I.

Have you lost all sense of responsibility and respect for what is clean and sincere?

What could have induced you to stab in the back those devoted men and women overseas and at home who are giving their lives for you, yours and ours?

Do we now have to think of "The Times" in one contemptuous thought with the unspeakable Hearst and his notably disloyal following?

What mad fit of ultra-originality and morbid be-difference has twisted your once-respected policy into a dangerous intellectual menace?

What, in the name of plain horse sense, made you fly in the face of common decency, and by your insidious arguments shock the souls of those who had faith in you?

An honest faith is a dangerous thing to outrage. Decent and moral thinking American men and women are outraged and disgusted.

I have long posted with and about me the legend, "I do not read Hearst papers," to which I and mine regretfully and bitterly add, "or 'The New York Times.'"

JOHN MARTIN.

New York, Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "The New York Times" has been my morning paper, and it is with some regret and much contempt that I discontinue reading it.

This morning I bought your paper. It rings true to my idea of Americanism, and I expect to take it daily.

ARTHUR W. MOORE.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I do not believe in writing letters of commendation to newspapers; but feel that it is no more than fair that I should send you a copy of the letter which I have addressed to-day to "The Times"; and same may give you an idea of the esteem in which you are held in one New York household.

More power to you, Tribune! You're my idea of the ideal newspaper.

WILLIAM MASSCÉ.

New York, Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of "The Times".

Sir: I have always made it a practice to read each day the columns of your paper and those of The Tribune—the latter for its fearless and outspoken, albeit Republican tinged, Americanism, and yours in order to get the more conservative and Democratic viewpoint on affairs of the day.

Your amazing and incomprehensible reception of the latest Austrian peace effort, however, is more worthy of the Hearst publications than of a newspaper of your standing, and I am forced to the regretful conclusion that there is only one New York paper that may be depended upon to display the proper spirit upon all occasions.

I have, therefore, been compelled to cancel my "Times" order with my newsdealer.

Sept. 17, 1918. WILLIAM MASSCÉ.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Allow me to congratulate The Tribune on its strong and consistent stand against an acceptance of such a cunning peace proposal as that of the recent Austrian note.

Happily, the wishes of those who counselled differently are not to be gratified by the government at Washington. But can you explain, as a matter of large public concern, how it was that "The New York Times," after all it has said in the past, so completely left the strait and narrow path and fell into the German trap between last Saturday night and Sunday night—that is, between its Sunday and Monday issues?

How American pacifists will smile, how every German sympathizer will gloat over this sickening and disastrous flop of "The Times"! Is it just a case of war weariness?

GERALD H. BEARD.

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Inclosed please find communication prepared by the Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and vicinity to "The New York Times" on account of its editorial in its issue of September 16.

FRED. P. HAGGARD.

New York, Sept. 17, 1918.
Fifth Avenue Building
New York City, September 17, 1918.

To the Editor of "The New York Times."

Dear Editor: The undersigned were appointed a committee by the Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and vicinity at their meeting on Monday of this week to communicate to you the strong disapproval of the conference of the tenor and implications of the editorial in your issue of September 16 entitled "The Austrian Peace Overture."

While not always agreeing with the editorial policy of "The Times" on great moral issues, it has been a source of satisfaction to many that up to the present time the paper has been loyal to the principles and purposes of America in its participation in the world war. There has appeared to be no tendency to advocate compromises with the enemy.

Suddenly, however, in the issue referred to, you change front and range yourself on the side of those who would parley with the foe, that displays not the slightest sign of repentance nor offers in any way to atone for its past sins against humanity. While printing the unanimous opinion of the editors of other papers who take an opposite view from your own you flaunt in the face of your readers such sentiments as these:

"The case for conference is presented with extraordinary eloquence and force, a convincing argument."

"From Vienna comes the first veritable peace offer, and it comes in a form which the Allies may honorably accept in the confident belief that it will lead to the end of the war."

"We are bound to accept it [this offer] as the sincere expression of a desire for much needed peace."

"We cannot imagine that the invitation will be declined."

By your expression of these sentiments you have shocked the sensibility of all who seek a just and righteous termination of the war and who cannot believe in the sincerity of the Central Powers.

Fortunately, you find yourself practically alone in your position—a sufficient condemnation.

FRED P. HAGGARD,
CALEB MOOR,
H. F. POTTER.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I cannot refrain from thanking you for your splendid article, "A Broken Weapon," in this morning's paper. I hope it may be widely copied—it deserves widest circulation.

We could hardly have expected such an article as "The Times" editorial from the pen of William Randolph Hearst. No wonder The Tribune finds itself fighting both Hearst and "The Times."

J. W. HIBBARD.

New York, Sept. 17, 1918.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I note with peculiar satisfaction your editorial in this morning's Tribune dealing with the extraordinary fulmination that appeared in yesterday's "New York Times."

This sudden change of front on the part of "The Times" is most bewildering to its readers, and I cannot but wonder if your friend Hearst has acquired control of the paper.

This morning's clumsily loquacious editorial in "The Times" entitled "Not Accepted," in which the writer tries to explain that the former editorial did not mean what it meant on Monday, is a rare specimen of pious hypocrisy. There must be something rotten in Denmark when a paper like "The Times" suddenly comes down to the piccolo pipings of the pacifist.

EVERETT H. PENDLETON.

East Orange, N. J., Sept. 17, 1918.

An Isle of Misfits

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The conviction of Debs, Rose Pastor Stokes, the I. W. W. group of Chicago and others of their kind seems to many of us a fitting end for dangerous radicals. The penalties in some of these cases may not be severe enough, but it is, nevertheless, a great satisfaction to have them officially rebuked and put out of our way. It would be a greater satisfaction if some of these nuisances were not permitted to be out on bail spreading their poisonous doctrines and flaunting what they very evidently consider to be their "martyrdom."

For we ordinary Americans who try to keep to the middle course the very existence of the above-mentioned perverts is incomprehensible at this time. In normal times, when some of them had nothing better to do than to go crazy over every new tinkering process, we did not take them seriously. But now, when the whole world is divided into two hostile groups, one fighting for world domination, the other for world freedom, we can have little patience with them. We even begin to wonder how we ever fostered such queer, unreasonable creatures; how they were ever permitted to develop in our midst, and what grave fault in ourselves produced such an unwholesome reaction. It seems strange to us that these perverted creatures can not or will not see our position in this world struggle; that they can not or will not appreciate their own relation to it. They persist in their efforts to hamper and delay us, without reasoning, apparently, what would happen to them if we were defeated. Our laws are generous—we simply send them to jail to keep them out of mischief.

Now, what are we to do with all these troublesome tinkers? Haven't we an island somewhere at a safe distance where we could send them and let them fight it out among themselves? Then when our boys bring the Kaiser back with them we might send him there to rule the "Isle of Misfits."

MABEL M. STEVENS.

Mamaroneck, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1918.

War Names in the News

Hargicourt	ar-zshee-koor.
Epehy	ay-pe-ee.
Pont-à-Mousson	pon-ta-moos-son.
Villeret	vee-ye-ray.
Lachaussée	la-sho-say.
Ronssoy	ron-swah.
Berthaucourt	bare-to-koor.
Vouziers	voo-zee-ay.
Compiègne	kon-pyen.

But His Money Does

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer)

One of Mr. Hearst's editorial writers says "there is no greater menace to a democracy than great landed estates."

We recall that Mr. Hearst's publications do not circulate very widely in more or less democratic Mexico.

Logic on the Coast

(From The Portland Oregonian)

One reason more barns are hit by lightning in this region than formerly is that there are more barns to be hit. There is no more lightning than usual.